

Our Boys and Girls.

ED. E. AUNT BUSY.

This department is conducted solely in the interests of our girl and boy readers. Aunt Busy is glad to hear any time from the readers and will be glad to help in any way possible. Write on one side of the paper only. Do not have letters too long. Original stories and verses will be gladly received and carefully edited. The manuscripts of contributions not accepted will be returned. Address all letters to Aunt Busy, Intermountain Catholic, Salt Lake City.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

"Have pity, friends!" Out of the depths they cry, The helpless ones, with tongues that never tire, Voicing with longing hearts their one desire— That we may pray for them to God on high; They yearn to see His face—with moan and sigh, Their conscience scorches more than pain or fire, Or punishments of Purgatory dire; They plead for help—do not their call deny!

Pray for the dead! O hearken to their plea! Be thou their advocate, and night and day Raise up thy voice, and for their pardon pray; Love conquers death by this sweet charity! This thought, when dying, may thy heart console: "Friends by my prayers released, pray for my soul!" —Henry Coyle.

BY THIS SIGN.

Her slender figure wrapped in the ample white palla, and holding by the hand her son Marcellus, she advanced in the dark night looking like a phantom, as the cypresses along the Via Appia had the appearance of the dead standing sentinel before their tombs. Her steps were directed toward a decivity in the ground, showing light because of the sand against the dark grass beyond. Suddenly she stopped. A great sound of trampling feet and the murmur of the voices was coming nearer from the high road, just beyond the tomb of Cecilia Metella. The widow stepped behind one of the monuments and waited; still the noise increased and presently troops of slaves went past driving hundreds of oxen toward Rome.

The Faustina remembered that it was the eve of the great festival of Jupiter Capitolinus. The procession lasted a long quarter of an hour, then, gradually silence reigned once more.

In spite of the darkness of the night, she did not hesitate, but followed a certain path amongst several that lay before her and followed it till a small light appeared amidst the yellow stonework.

"Is it you, Venantius?" she asked softly. An old man came a step forward. "The peace of Christ be with you! And with thy spirit."

Faustina pressed her boy closer to her and, gathering her robes together, she descended a long staircase which led steeply down under the ground.

The old man preceded her. He was strongly built, but stooped, as if sojourning in the Catacombs had bent his shoulders.

"And your litter?" he inquired, turning round. "It is waiting for me by the tomb of Caius," she answered; "shall I be alone this evening?"

"Yes, the deacons have fixed the assembly for tomorrow."

"I wanted to come in any case, for it is the anniversary."

"Already three years ago," said Venantius. "To me it seems like yesterday."

They came to a long corridor, dry and warm, and the torchlight revealed the long rows of recesses wherein were deposited the sacred remains of many martyrs. In the scant light, white marble slabs with short epitaphs cut into them, made luminous incidents.

"Here it is," said the old man, stopping. "Here it is," repeated the widow.

With a sudden movement she knelt down and was lost in prayer.

Three years ago she had followed him hither, who had been the life of her heart and soul. Oh! that day, when by the very steps she had just come down, he had been carried down on Christian shoulders, his poor body broken, drained of its life blood, crushed by the lion's fangs, the head alone had been spared, radiant with hope and seeming to turn towards her with a supreme gesture of farewell.

A greater treasure than this dear one she had never possessed on earth. Never could she have again! How she remembered the day of their espousals, when for the first time, he had said with the same emotion that filled her own heart, "I love thee!" And that other day on which the Apostle Peter had joined their trembling hands, united forever. When such deep emotion has touched a human heart, then God alone can console it.

Their earthly happiness had lasted a few months. Small as the precious stone sparkling on her finger, and like that precious stone, its memory even sparkled in the darkness of her life. Christ, who is love, permitted this to happen. His holy will be done!

And the widow arose. Her husband's remains were deposited in the third recess from the ground. She raised the little bronze lamp up to it and read the inscription:

Here rests Septimus, who died in the peace of the Lord, and for Christ's sake.

The fifth of the calendar of November. Presently she looked at the words; the grave-digger had rubbed red earth into the cut letters and it seemed as if the martyr's blood were coming through the marble.

The child wanted to see in his turn. She took him up in her arms so that his curly head was on a level with the inscription.

"Why did he die, my father?" "You see, for Christ!"

"Yes, I know, but some boys said that if he had only thrown a few grains of incense on the altar of Minerva, Caesar would have let him live."

"That is true," said the widow, gravely. "It is not much, a grain of incense!"

"It is much on account of its meaning!" Faustina put her son down before her, and looking intently into his clear eyes, she said:

"Listen, Marcellus! Your father was a senator, he had a palace in Rome, a villa at Tivoli. More than that, he had me!"

She stopped for a moment as if looking at a vision, then she continued:

"He had you, and he loved us two more than anything else on earth. So that, if the grain of incense had been nothing, do you think, dear child, your father would not have thrown it on the altar of Minerva? Do you think so? Tell me, my son."

"He did right," said Marcellus.

"Think you, he did not suffer when his freedmen were weeping around him—when he kissed you for the last time—when, in the circus, he looked for me amongst the crowd of spectators—do you think that a man throws himself away—throws all he loves away—that a man tears out his own heart for a thing which he is uncertain of? No, he had seen the Son of God in the miracles and teaching of Peter, and Peter had seen it in Christ himself. And

let that proof be sufficient for you in the day of temptation."

When they came up out of the Catacomb, a dazzling light lay before them. The palace of Caesar Augustus shone brilliantly illuminated in the dark night; the temples around, especially that of Jupiter Capitolinus, were ablaze with lights. Rome, sitting on the seven hills, seemed to be proudly defying the future.

And in the silence of the quiet surrounding, the boy compared the miserable cave where Christianity was slumbering in the swaddling clothes of its infancy, as it were, with the mighty city, throbbing with a life which thrilled to the extremities of the earth.

"Then you don't believe, mother, that our martyrs have died in vain, and that Rome will be pagan forever?"

"I believe in Christ victorious by His truth and by His love."

"But, at the end of all time?" "Tomorrow, perhaps!"

"And how?" "By this—"

And the widow, taking the cross which hung from her neck, held it up in the red splendor of the rising sun.

"Amen!" said the child, making the sign of the cross.—Pierre l'Eremitte.

His Greatest Treasure.

A certain shepherd boy was keeping his sheep in a flowery meadow, and because his heart was happy, he sang so loudly that the surrounding hills echoed back his song. One morning the king, who was out hunting, spoke to him and said: "Why are you so happy, my boy?"

"Why should I not be happy?" answered the boy. "Our king is not richer than I."

"Indeed," said the king, "pray tell me of your great possessions."

The shepherd boy answered: "The sun in the bright blue sky shines as brightly upon me as upon the king. The flowers upon the mountain and the grass in the valley grow and bloom to gladden my sight as well as his. I would not take a hundred thousand dollars for my hands; my eyes are of more value than all the precious stones in the world. I have food and clothing, too. Am I not, therefore, as rich as the king?"

"You are right," said the king, "but your greatest treasure is your contented heart. Keep it so, and you will always be happy.—Selected.

The Gentleman Boy.

An eminent educator, addressing an assemblage of parents, said in part:

"Let your boy with the first lisping of speech be taught to speak accurately on all subjects, be they trivial or important, and when he becomes a man he will scorn to tell a lie."

"Early instill into your boy's mind decision of character. Undecided, purposeless boys make namby-pamby men, useless to themselves and to everybody else."

"Teach your boy to have an object in view, the backbone to go after it, and then stick."

"Teach your boy to disdain revenge. Revenge is a sin that grows with his strength. Teach him to write kindnesses in marble, injuries in dust."

"There is nothing that improves a boy's character so much as putting him on his honor—trusting to his honor. I have little hope for the boy who is dead to the feeling of honor. The boy who needs to be continually looked after is on the road to ruin. If treating your boy as a gentleman does not make him a gentleman, nothing else will."

"Let your boy wait upon himself as much as possible. The more he has to depend upon himself the more manly a little fellow he will show himself. Self-dependence will call out his energies, bring into exercise his talents. The wisest charity is to help a boy to help himself."

"Happy is the father who is happy in his boy, and happy is the boy who is happy in his father."

A Daughter's Decalogue.

1. Love your mother above all women.

2. Have no thoughts which she should not know, nor commit acts which she should not see.

3. Declare yourself in fault rather than lie hypocritically.

4. Be in your house the one who with love and merriment vanquishes bitterness and sorrow.

5. Strive to be modest before being beautiful, and to be always amiable.

6. Have sincere convictions, pure faith, solid knowledge, and inexhaustible charity.

7. Work at home as if you had not the help of your mother. Act all your life as if she were present.

8. Learn the art of hearing with patience, talking without anger; suffer with patience and be joyful without excess, and you will have nearly attained happiness.

9. Believe your house the best of homes, and consider your parents your best friends.

10. Remember that she who is not a good wife and who is not a good daughter, will never be a good mother.

Short Road to Perfection.

It is saying of holy men that, if we wish to be perfect, we have nothing more to do than perform the ordinary duties of the day well. A short road to perfection—short not because easy, but because pertinent and intelligible. As soon as a person really desires and sets about seeking it himself, he is dissatisfied with anything but what is tangible and clear, and constitutes some sort of direction towards the practice of it.

We must bear in mind what is meant by perfection. It does not mean any ordinary service, anything out of the way or especially heroic—not all have the opportunity of heroic acts, of sufferings—but it means what the word perfection ordinarily means. By perfect we mean that which has no flaw in it, that which is complete, that which is consistent, that which is sound—we mean the opposite to imperfect. He, then, is perfect who does the work of the day perfectly, and we need not go beyond this to seek for perfection.

If you ask me what you are to do in order to be perfect, I say, first: Do not lie in bed beyond the due time of rising, give your first thoughts to God; make a good visit to the Blessed Sacrament; say the Angelus devoutly; eat and drink to God's glory; say the Rosary well; be recollected; keep out bad thoughts; make your evening meditation well; examine your conscience daily.—Cardinal Newman

A WORD TO BOYS.

The boy is the man; you will be later what you properly fashioned in the plastic period of your age. It is therefore important that you be youth. You should be like waxen figures in the hands of your teachers; let them make of you good Catholics and good citizens; wax will harden and preserve the impressions given to it in the mold. The trouble is that students do not know what is before them. They wish to get through school in the shortest time and with the least effort. But I would urge you to take upon yourselves a personal responsibility in the matter of your education. De-

termine to get all you can, and then go forward, encased in the armor of scholarship, to do battle and you will succeed. At present, and still more in the future, the Church needs great and good men. Let you be such—we have enough of mediocrity.

THE BOY WONDER.

Most of our constituents doubtless have read about the ten-year-old boy prodigy, James Sidis, now attending Harvard college. His specialty is mathematics, and he really is a wonderful boy. He appears to be perfectly at home in the use of big mathematical and scientific terms. For instance, this is his theory of the "fourth dimensional space," as given in his own words:

"In the fourth dimensional space we use the cube and polygons of the third dimensional space as faces, and with these construct the figure of the fourth dimension. It is possible to construct by this means figures of the fourth dimension with 100 sides or faces, called heptacosahedrons, or figures with 600 sides, called hexacosahedrons."

If this isn't quite clear to any of our readers, we shall be happy to refer them to the boy himself for further particulars.—Advance.

RULES TO FOLLOW.

Drink less—breathe more.
Eat less—chew more.
Ride less—walk more.
Clothe less—bathe more.
Worry less—sleep more.
Talk less—think more.
Waste less—give more.
Scold less—read more.
Preach less—practice more.

SAYING SOMETHING GOOD.

While spending the winter in Georgia, before his inauguration as president, Mr. Taft went to the city of Athens to deliver an address to the students of the University of Georgia. He met a member of the faculty—a staunch Democrat—who said: "Judge, I voted the Democratic ticket, but wanted to see you win."

Judge Taft replied: "You remind me of the story of Brer Jasper and Brer Johnson, who were both deacons, although avowed enemies."

"Brer Jasper died, and the other deacon told Brer Johnson he must say something good about the deceased on Sunday night. At first he declined, but finally consented."

"Sunday night, when time for eulogy arrived, he arose slowly and said: 'Brethren and sisters, I promised to say sum'n good 'bout Deacon Jasper tonight, an' I will say all hopes he's gone whar we knows he ain't.'—Uncle Remus' Magazine.

THE GRACE OF THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE.

Oh, the Celtic children of Faith believe,
Sweet, I ween, are their fancies all,
That when the blessed candles, on Christmas eve,
Are lighted in cabin and hall,

The dear Child Jesus, with tenderest smile,
In the noon of that night sublime
Doth visit each home of their favored isle,
While the Mass-bells merrily chime;

And where'er He seeth the hallowed light
Of the tapers so tall and fair,
He entereth in, through the casement bright,
And leaveth His benison there.

And oh, till He crowneth again the year
With the glory of Christmas-tide,
Shall the blessings so sweet of the Christ-Child dear
With the children of grace abide.

Their crops shall thrive and their store increase,
For never a shadow of ill
Can dim the light of the heavenly peace,
He bringeth to "men of good will."

—Harriet M. Skidmore.

A JESUIT MISSION IN INDIA.

The Mission of West Bengal, which has just been celebrating its jubilee, covers a territory inhabited by a population of about 27,000,000. Of these, 92,491 are baptized Catholics and 86,951 catechumens. Two hundred and eighteen Jesuits, most of whom are priests, are working in the mission, assisted by about forty Irish Christian Brothers and about 165 Sisters.

SUNSET.

The West, a waveless sea, rosy and wide,
White clouds, like fairy fleet, at anchor ride,
Waiting the moonlight tide to sail away,
Freighted with dew, to wreath the gates of day.

THE EVILS OF LYING.

Continued from Page 1.
God is the essence of truth, and that God of truth has created us after His own image and likeness, true and pure and simple. This soul of ours, to be true to the eternal model which it mirrors, must be candid in its operations; it must follow truth; it must live for truth all its ways and days. A lie is the contradictory of truth, and in proportion as men embrace falsehood in the same proportion they depart from God. "The wicked are estranged from God and go away speaking lies." God, the essence of truth, lays us, His creatures fashioned after His image and likeness, under the obligation of always speaking the truth. Our minds being made for truth, our tongues must speak the truth. "Thou shalt not bear false witness, thy lips shall not utter a lie" are only a confirmation of that unchangeable law which took its life from God in the morning time of eternity. The liar therefore is an abomination in the sight of God. We open the Sacred Text and we find there the liar's fate pronounced in no uncertain or hidden language. "All liars shall have their portion in the lake that burns of brimstone and fire." (Apoc. xxi, 8.) "He that speaketh lying shall not escape." (Prov. xiv, 5.) "God hateth the lying tongue." (Prov. vi, 17.) The meek and merciful Savior, whose mission on earth was to bring all men to His loving arms, to instill into their minds the truth which makes them free, to give to their hearts that peace which surpasseth all understanding, had no mercy or love for the liar and the hypocrite. "Ye brood of serpents, ye generation of vipers," were the words that sprang from the Great Master's lips when dealing with such. Through the fields of old Judea, by Galilee's sea, the Great Master walked and the men of the sincere hearts and honest discourse came to him and grew better and braver and purer and sweeter as they caught the loving eyes of the Master as they heard from His lips, "Go in peace." Ah, yes, always and always the sincere and simple and honest were the friends of Him who is the essence of all truth and simplicity.

A liar is hateful in the sight of God, and he is the despised, the shunned of all good, true, honest men. Go out into the world and see what honorable men think about the liar. Mention the liar's name to such, and with a cold shrug of their shoulders they will tell you, "Such a one is a cowardly liar. We cannot believe one word that falls from his lips. Trust him? No. I would sooner trust the untamed savage that treads the jungle and the prairie."

In men's relations with one another in this life

there is one thing of surpassing excellence and inestimable value, and that is truth. The truthful man is loved, and men take him by the hand and forget his many failings because they know he is as constant to the truth as the Northern Star is to its place in the heavens. Yes, down the broad road of vice and folly many, very many men have run—run until the grave closed their career of folly and of vice. Men gaze today upon their tomb, and thinking upon the once promising but blighted lives of those who sleep there, drop a tear and pray God to be merciful because, poor fellows, with all their sins and faults and follies, "they never told a lie, they never departed one iota from the truth."

Honesty is the best policy, and nothing needs a lie. Dear brethren, be sincere and straightforward, be honest for the sake of honesty, and truthful for the sake of truth.

"Princes and lords are but the breath of kings."

An honest man's the noblest work of God."

"Make yourself an honest man," says a great writer in one of his essays, "and then you may be sure that there is oneascal less in the world." How true these words, but, above the words of human writer, springing from the very Throne of the Eternal, are other words, "Be as simple as doves."

"I am the way, the truth and the life."

God is our way, our truth and our life. We are made for Him and "our hearts cannot rest until they rest in Him." Clinging ever to the truth, we shall possess the way that leads to Him, and following that way we shall arrive at the heights eternally glorious and eternally peaceful, because God reigns there.

"I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile," were the glorious words that sprang from the lips of the brave and saintly pontiff, Gregory VII, as the shades of death gathered around him. May we, when the day of this world is passing from us and the eternal day is breaking, may we be able to say strongly and bravely and sweetly, O Lord, I have loved justice and hated iniquity, hated the lie which brands men Judas. Amen.

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